

AUG. 31st to
SEPT. 3rd

HARVEST

THE

FESTIVAL

AUG. 31st to
SEPT. 3rd

WAR

CRY



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A BOY MATRICIDE.—The Effects of Reading Evil Books.

"The mind of the boy seems to have been upset by reading novels, which made heroes of cut-throats, robbers, and the like."—*Vide Daily Press.*

THE CLARION BLAST OF VICTORY SOUNDS LOUD AND CLEAR.

Read Here for News of the Week's Advance Throughout the Territory.

LAIPINCOFF.—Friday, two forward. Sunday, two more. Good day. Prospects very encouraging.—Byers & Sheard.

LISTOWEL.—Ensign Dowell and troops with us. People listen spellbound. Barracks packed, standing at doors and windows.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Major Howell and Mrs. Adjutant Turner paid us a visit two nights. Ensign away to Sudbury.

NEEPAWA.—Thrusting the devil with many stripes at a three days camp. Major Bennett and Ensign Goodwin visit. Glorious! A sister leaves for the field.

NANAIMO.—Visit from Major Friedrich gave us much cheer. Ensign Edgecombe with him. Warm welcome, again, Major.

INGERSOLL.—Deep, heart-searching. Open-air crowd much interested, much impressed, and good at the drum-head collection.

PETERBORO.—Adj. Magee here. A weary wanderer called to God in the open-air. Ensign and Mrs. Fraser arrived. Two souls.

OWEN SOUND.—Warton, a number of souls saved during last month. Five on the 12th. A few souls at Owen Sound. We are launching the budget scheme here.

MONTREAL II.—Young man out for salvation pulled out one plug of tobacco, then another, then got free. Major Morris here. Lots of fire say. Secretary's baby dedicated. Captain furlwelled, and three little girls came out. Ice-cream social, with brass band.

GLENWOOD.—Property paid for and deed given. Grand reconciliation. Secretary Willis and Mrs. Clark see six souls.

RAPID CITY.—A stranger and backslider left the meeting, but was forced to return. Soldiers surrounded him, but he ran out, saying the Spirit had left him. Five Juniors saved.

CARDUNEAR.—Hot weather. Summer devil busy. Ensign Orichon leading. One sister saved, returned to her seat, and fetched out her chum. Then they picked into another. Three added to the ledger. Two souls at outpost, MOSQUITO.

BURN.—Soldiers on fire, two brothers at the cross. Another hauled out a dirty old pipe that had kept him from the blessing. Sunday a backsliders' meeting. One soul.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Hearst saddened through officers' farewell. Heaven's richest blessing on them and their little lamb.

CLARKE'S HARBOR.—Fery combat, we conquered, banner of the cross flung out, devils flying.

PETROLEA.—Glen Rae string band to the front. Three children dedicated and three recruits enrolled. \$3.25 collection on the drum in the open-air.

BOLTON.—Bless the boys of the Tont Brigade, say people after their brief visit. Souls in the Fountain.

GRAND FORKS.—One man must have been in a great hurry to quit the meeting, as he left his hat behind. Brother B—says the devil knows his number.

SUSSEX.—Officers affectionately furlwelled.

MONTREAL I.—Staff-Captain McMillan referred to Major Jewer's promotion on Sunday night. Two souls.

HANT'S HARBOR.—Capt. Clarke in charge. Beautiful crowds. One soul. "Cry" all said.

SCILLY COVE.—Praise-the-Lord times, many convicted.

GAIT.—Ladies' brass band, lively meetings, one soul. Band boys victorious.

EDMONTON.—Lieut. farewells for Winnipeg. Indian missionaries and Christian trader with us, telling of one comrade saved in snow knee-deep, and 45 below zero.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Thirty-six souls saved round this district this month. Capt. Clarke goes to Freeport. Capt. McLean has to lead on at No. 11. Some seeking salvation at No. 111. Capt. Gamble takes Fredericton, and Capt. Johnston, Chatham. Souls at Carleton. Fairville has been without officers, now Lieut. Sparks clears the comrades' hearts.

PETERBORO.—Two backsliders returned. One brother for a clean heart. PEBTIL—Bandman Cogan to help. Small band organizing.

OWEN SOUND DISTRICT.—Number of souls saved at Warton. Five on the 12th. Capt. Creamer at the reins.

HALIFAX.—United local officers' meeting. Three hours at the cross at Dartmouth. Heaven and glory. A number volunteered for a clean heart. Groaning and agonizing. Half night of prayer at No. 11. Picnics, excursions, camp-meetings, special meetings, all going on.

ST. JOHN.—Nine months at Grand Manan, then orders for St. John V. Hearty welcome. On Acadia street open-air a man knelt for salvation at the drum-head. War Cry sold out.

OAKVILLE.—Major Collier and Ensign Ritchie in charge. Rousing marches and open-air. Memorial service of Major Jewer in the town hall. Impressive and stirring. It sank deeply in the hearts of the people. God bless the social work.—Capt. Fennell.

BELLEVILLE.—Adjutant and Mrs. Southall with us. We enjoyed their visit very much. God helped them to deal straight truth to glory of God.—Lieut. Spriggs.

CABERREY.—All much blessed. One backslider received home. Three for a clean heart.—Capt. Wilkins.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Three souls for salvation. Hard fight. Backslider at holiness meeting. At night five souls, four backsliders. One went to the quarters after meeting, when the Captain prayed with him till he went home rejoicing. Much en-

couraged by a few words from the Commandant on his way through with O.S.C. party. We feel the better for the camp.—Serg. T. W. T.

VANCOUVER.—New Provincial visited here and was right at home. Pleasant and profitable time. He intends to visit once every two months. The B. C. officers' council was held here, so we believe for a great gathering in the future. Major Friedrich occasionally among the corps will keep the chariot going. On Sunday three at the cross, on Monday seven, on Wednesday four reconsecrated themselves.—T. Bell.

BRANTFORD.—Rousing times on market square. Down came the rain. We ran to the Police Court. Uncle Jitumie shouting happy. Inside barracks an enrolment. Soldiers free. Many spoke of the blessing Captain and Mrs. Richardson had been to them before they said good-bye, after nine months' faithful toil. Some of the souls saved stand still as true as gold, and they have cleared away a great, black sheet of debt.—F. B. Reith, S.C.

LIBAR STREET.—Farewell of Capt. Stagers and Lieut. Barker, one to Montreal, and the latter to wear the red braid at Whitchy. Farewell supper provided. Smiling waitresses busy. Spiritual, profitable meeting. Old and young testifying.—Eas. Ritchie.

VANCOUVER.—I notice there is no change on the new War Cry heading yet. I expected to see the beaver looking towards the eagle, instead of looking away. To one that believes as I do, that they will yet come closer together, I would like to see them looking towards each other. One of the officers of H. M. S. Royal Arthur gave a very interesting discourse on what he saw of the S. A. all round the world. On Dominion day we were joined by six blood and fire Indians from up the coast, who had the real spirit. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald Dominion day. Bands from Nanaimo and New Westminster.—J. Bell.

VICTORIA, B.C.—Pitby new items: Victoria corps is going ahead as fast as the hot weather and hard times will permit. Adj. and Mrs. Archibald have returned from their furlough. Major Friedrich had a monster reception arranged for him. There is talk of opening another corps in Victoria, B.C. The Shelter is progressing as favorably as can be expected this time of the year. From May 7 to June 19, 486 men passed through; 253 of this number worked to pay for their board; 279 beds have been kept and 1041 meals served. Ensign Patterson has won the respect and love of all the men.

RAPID CITY.—The wet and muggy weather has a great tendency to clog the wheels, but in the strength of King Jesus we shall pull through.—Lieut. James Mercer.

THIT COVE.—Captain Hampton to charge. Open-air fighting all the range. We have had some wonderful meetings.

MOOSEMIN.—Beautiful times here. The other night while holding an open-air in front of the Queen's hotel, a man came up to the Captain and said: "I like you people. I love the Army. I believe you are doing a good work wherever you are, but why do you come around here and abuse us? Why don't you go and preach outside the city hall?"

Captain.—There is not a city hall in this place."

Gentleman.—"Well, why not go and preach outside the court-house?"

Captain.—"There isn't any crowd there to preach to."

Gent.—"Why do you not go and preach outside some other place? These are all your friends here."

Captain.—"That's why we come here, we know where our friends are."

Gent.—"Why don't you go and preach outside the Mayor's house?"

Captain.—We ARE outside the Mayor's house."

The Mayor owned the hotel and was sitting in a chair outside. Of course, this caused laughter among the crowd, and the gentleman saw he was beaten, and he raised his hat and pulled out a roll of dollar bills and gave the Captain one, and then the Captain took up a collection, and we got \$150. Then we all testified and as Captain was testifying and telling the people he was saved from sin, a dude spoke up: "How do yer know yer saved?"

Captain.—"I know in whom I have believed."

Gent.—"How do yer know I'm not saved?"

Captain.—"I never said you were not saved."

Dude shuts up, crowd laughs at him, but by their fruits ye shall know them.

Then the other gentleman comes up again to the Captain and said, "You make me feel uneasy when you talk so much about hell; preach more about Heaven."

Captain.—"Thank God, that's what we want to do, to make you feel uneasy, and you will go to hell if you are not saved."

Gentleman.—"Sing us 'God Save the Queen,' only in a hymn."

Captain sang "God bless our Army brave," and broke down, but, thank God, we don't mind breaking down in the Army. We all had a good time and there was a fine feeling among the people.—Odet Clark.

MISSOULA.—We are still fighting the devil in Missoula. One out to the southeast term Friday night, and three backsliders later. They all found salvation and went home rejoicing in a Saviour's love.—J. H. Frost, Color Sergt.

SHADOWS ON THE WINDOW.



1
THE START.



2
COMES TO BLOW.



3
AN ARMY LASSIE APPEARS.



4
A PRAYER MEETING.



5
A THANK OFFERING.



6
A HAPPY COUPLE.

WHO KILLED JESUS?

— BY —
The Commandant.

"They themselves went
not into the Judgment Hall
lest they should be defiled."

"It is not lawful for us
to put any man to death."

Consider the circumstances under which these words are spoken! Jesus, the Working Man of Nazareth, Friend of publicans and sinners—He whose touch had healed the leper, and whose voice had raised the dead—He whose presence the shadows had fled from many a Gethsemane home, and the life-giver from many a Nazareth heart—the Opponent of every oppression, and Exposer of every hypocrisy—this Jesus, for no greater crime than asserting Himself to be what combinations of worldly wisdom and spite-fingering could not disprove, has been betrayed by a Kiss, taken from His bearded knees by a hand of blood-thirsty ruffians, and driven, Jew as He is, to the palace of the Gentile!

But at the threshold of that palace, Scribes and Pharisees, who had magnificently ignored every rule of justice by their moonlight plottings of murder, who coveted the very blood of their inoffensive Victim, while they indignantly outraged His every right as a citizen; stand at the entrance to Pilate's abode, recollecting at the thought of breaking one little rule of Jewish formula!

Surely if ever there was an example of the force of a dead form, here is one!

Now, these accusers of Jesus were of unlearned men. They were teachers and leaders in the Jewish synagogues. They were well acquainted with the rites and ceremonies of the Moslem Dispensation, they understood the law of Sinai, if they had not grasped the law of grace, and under their own law it was as wicked to tell a lie or perjure an inmate upon a fellow countryman, as it was to eat with unwashed hands, or ignore the national feasts and fasts, and yet, true to the old fatality that had brought down the wrath of God upon their forefathers, and has since their day brought retribution upon so many Christian communities, they clung to the form, when the spirit of it had departed—they practiced with physical precision the ceremony, and lost sight of its meaning. They were not, apparently, at all ashamed of averting any number of falsehoods to rid themselves of this unpleasant intruder, but to think of averting them in the Judgment Hall of a Gentile, that was horrible!

Were they not to take part in the discovery that very night? They could not unbecomingly the sacred feast with lips that uttered falsehood, and join in a religious ceremony, although their consciences were stung in agony, but to have broken through one rule of Jewish etiquette, by speaking face to face with a Gentile judge, to have recognized first-hand the right of a heathen tribunal by setting their feet upon the pavement of the court-house, that was the sin unpardonable, and of which they might need to have fear. What a crying hypocrisy! What a stink must such a religion of idle hollows have become in the nostrils of Jehovah!

And, ah! the age of unrealities is not yet passed. To-day there are rigid puritans, without life, and void of practical meaning, gone

through with unerring exactness by thousands who are verily as guilty of insult to Christ as any of the multitude in the streets of Jerusalem. They cling, with bigoted narrowness, to dead form of Christianity, while they are every day putting to shame by an open shame by the inconsistency of their lives. The nineteenth is not one bit behind the first century on the score of its Scribes and Pharisees. We have plenty of them to-day. There are any number of men who know perfectly well that the claims of Jesus Christ upon their talents and treasures never influence them in any one of the decisions they arrive at from Monday morning till Saturday night, and yet who will devoutly repeat, after their priest, "the Litany," as part of the duty of a civilized life. There are plenty to call you a blasphemer should you attempt to argue away one of the performances peculiar to their mode of worship, who will, nevertheless, return from that worship to the hard facts of life, and forget that religious performances should have any real interpretation there. Multitudes would not scruple to regard you an infidel did you attempt to question the infallibility of the Christian Sacraments, who strangely enough are not ashamed to retreat from the high altar while the sacramental wine is yet on their lips, and practice behind the grocer's counter, in the store, or on the exchange, all sorts of petty fraud!

What shameful unreasonably all this! Be done with attendance in religious civil. You cannot do it. After any ceremonial, prayer, fasting, and formula-keeping, it will remain evil still. You may shut it from the eyes of man by clothing it with a lie, but you will only in the eyes of God be adding hypocrisy to transgression.

You would be the first to cry "Murder" at the criminal whose hands bore the gory blood marks of his victim. You would make incoherent a witness to give evidence against the man in whose pockets had been found his neighbor's handkerchiefs. But what if there should be other laws swaying the world of mind as your thief-checking laws rule the world of matter? Suppose there should be a tribunal before which the indictment is not "What have I done?" but "Why have I done it?" Should there be a Judge whose eyes look behind the blood-marks upon the hands of those who hang Christ upon the cross, and back into the intention that prompted His murderers, and sentence them and all beside them for that? How then? Would your life stand the scrutiny of dissection before the eye of Him who trieth the hearts of men, who judges not by deed but by motive? Could you look upon the cross and shudder about the cross, and perform about the cross then as you do now? Think!

When Jesus stood before him alone, the Jews were not loud in asserting the righteousness of the charges brought against Him. The sense of equity rose to its full bearing, even in the mind of the heathen councillor. As a lover of fair play, if not an admirer

of Jewish ordinances, he could not help the contempt he felt at the action of the cowardly gang, who, while they considered it a dilemma to enter his threshold, were not backward in thrusting upon him a Criminal of their own making, a Criminal only because he had contradicted by His words and life their hated bigotry.

Why should they seek from a civil tribunal the settlement of a got-up religious dispute? Why should they force upon him the responsibility of ridding them of a religious opponent, when they would not brook his smallest interference in the affairs of their church? No; even the resentment of the unbeliever was kindled to the full against such an irony! If this ragged Nazarene had opposed their narrow ideas and fought their impracticable unreasonableness; if He had offended their pride by teaching them a better way of life and morality, then they should take Him and judge Him by their own laws, and at least stand by the consequences of their deed.

Thus reasoning with himself, and beckoning Jesus to follow him, Pilate went out to face the mob, and uttered the memorable sentence that has since his day reassured itself upon the lips of even the bitterest enemies of Christian truth, around the circle of the globe—"I find no fault in Him." And here let me pause to say that I for one am consoled at the consciousness of having for my Saviour an example which, as a pattern for humanity, has stood with credit the test of the world's evil conspiracies.

(To be continued.)



SERGEANT CUMMINGS, Montreal.

Converted in Springdale barracks, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1898.

He well remembers the first greeting by CANDIDATE JEWEL and his powerful intercession for souls. Still more the Sergeant remembers the sweet peace that came rushing into his heart when he gave up his sin to serve God. He little thought when he shook hands with Staff-Captain Jewel on his visit to Montreal, it was the last time.

Never mind. Better by and bye.

MURDERED HIS MOTHER!

(See frontispiece.)

NEWSPAPER readers will already be aware of the peculiarly awful crime which lately occurred in London, England, where a boy drove a knife to his mother's heart while she lay sleeping, and till he was arrested, ten days afterwards, spent the time in pleasuring. The matricide, who is thirteen years old, has a brother of eleven years, who knows of the crime, and who has since the arrest given evidence against his brother.

We do not wish to dwell on the details, but to call attention to the following remark in the Toronto Globe's report of the occurrence: "The minds of the boys seem to have been upset by reading NOVELS, WHICH MAKE HEROES OF CUT-THROATS, ROBBERS, AND THE LIKE."

In the book of the Revelation made to the Apostle John are the words: "And I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth; and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit: and there came out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and they were given power as the scorpions of the earth have power."

Now, whatever may be the primary interpretation of the above, it requires no stretch of the imagination to apply it to the pernicious literature of the day, for there is an enormous quantity of vile stuff rolled off some of the presses of the world which is as surely from the pit as the devil himself. It rises up as the smoke of a great furnace, it darkens the day of the reader, it fills the nostrils of his imagination with noxious fumes, which poison the whole moral character, it leaves a scorpion-like sting in the soul which works death, and it should the victim escape the coils of the fallen "serpent" and get saved by grace, there is left a scar to cause many a twinge of pain in days to come.

The devil has no more capable ally than a vilified press, and those who are responsible for the poisoning of our boys and girls should make sure that no book of an evil tendency shall make its mark on the mind or character of any child for whom they are responsible.

TO SALVATIONISTS, and, indeed, many others, the General's book on the training of children gives a graphic view of one who has been assisted by highly successful in the training of a family. The General says, on page 201 of his valuable work: "AFTER THE BIBLE, SYSTEMATICALLY READ, WE RECOMMEND THE ARMY'S PUBLICATIONS. AND SUCH OTHER BOOKS AS ARE CULLED TO ENLIGHTEN AND INSTRUCT THEM IN ALL THAT CONCERNS A GODLY LIFE. To these may be added books of factography, natural history, travels in foreign lands, and others of a good, sound, moral character."

Morally Diseased.

MAN NORDAU, a learned and laborious German thinker, published recently a book entitled, "Degeneracy," which has attracted general attention both here and in the Old World. He declares that as a result of the study of the literary works of Bismarck, Zola, and the rest belonging to the schools of which they are the leaders, he is convinced that they are all morally diseased, and that their morbid works are the outcome of their degeneracy.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS, in referring to the above, says that the method of living which made Oscar Wilde a criminal is a product of the sickening which claims among those referred to in the preceding paragraph.

Captain Byers reports five souls saved at Lippincott on Sunday.

BROTHER LAMB, Of Stratford.

He was the Black Sheep Till He
Looked for the Dray-Wagon.

JESUS OF NAZARETH was a carpenter's son. Thoughtfully we watched Comrade Lamb in his busy workshop. It was littered with chips and bark, carpeted with soft sawdust, and pleasant with the peculiar fragrance of new wood, penetrating one's nostrils like risqué incense. Did our blessed Saviour, in the time of His sojourn in our work-a-day world, toil in that fashion? Did He handle the chisel, the hammer, and saw in such an atmosphere as this? It did not seem far from Stratford to that little home in Palestine.

TIMBER, rough-hewn from the forest, was here, portions of trees, gnarled and knotty. They had braved the storms long years, they had stood forgotten seasons with their upright stems and lovely, waving branches beneath the changing skies, magnificent in strength through all the upheaval of many a fierce tempest. Now here they lay, their prostrate forms stretched upon the ground, surrounded with debris, simply

Logs, to be Saw'n Asunder

for the comfort of mankind.

Our comrade chopped and chopped with his skilled and active hands, fashioning the blocks of tamarine into the required form. A row of wooden pumps stood finished and ready for sale against the wall, painted dark brown and trimmed off with a few bits of white ornamentation. Tamarine because it does not taste the water, brown, because that is a color that stands the sun, and white, because some turners especially near the city wouldn't have a pump unless it was "fixed up good."



BRO. AND SIS. LAMB, Stratford.

Whilst he hewed to the line—regardless of the falling chips—he described his days of wandering, without God and without hope, amongst the woods and rocks of Muskoka, in the lumber district, in the days when pine was abundant.

Brother Lamb is Canadian born, and known Toronto well.

"My people were all converted, but

I was the Black Sheep

of the family. They used to write to me and say they believed I would yet be converted," he said.

But getting saved in the Salvation Army—that was quite a different matter!

"My soul was not free whilst I was standing in the street

Looking for a Dray-Wagon,"

he continued. Just previously he had been to the Army penitentiary, but for some cause could not get the witness of his sins forgiven, and it was under the open heavens, alone, he recalled his peace was made with God—the lust blotted out.

In the ranks he lived and fought resolutely ever since. In the Army also he was married. In his heart are all the elements of happiness for all eternity.



The idea of this column in the War Cry is to bring before our readers addresses on living topics. They will, in all cases, be written as if they were being spoken, and not as mere articles. Readers, various reports of addresses will be given, but nothing will be admitted but platform talk. Contributions from officers and regular correspondents of the War Cry specially acceptable.—MORRIS.

Candidates Wanted!

APPLY AT ONCE WITHOUT DELAY—
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

An Address by Mrs. Major Friederich
to Those at Ease in Zion.

"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me."—Ezekiel III. 17.

WHEN GOD CALLED EZEKIEL to work for Him He did not wait six months or a year to make sure of God's voice. He did not go and consult his friends as to whether he ought to obey God. He was acquainted with Him, had lived a consecrated life among his people, and when God's commission came it found him ready to obey. The first corps he was sent to was composed of a rebellious and wicked people. Now, my dear comrades who are holding back from obeying God's call to you to go out into the highways and hedges and compel the sinners to come into the fold and be safe, read for yourselves this prophet's commission to go and preach to the Israelites.

Ezekiel might have brought in A LOT OF EXCUSES, and said, "Lord God, I am too weak and frail, they will not hearken unto me that they might be saved," etc., etc., but no, he let the Spirit of the Lord have full course, he listened and obeyed. The Lord commanded him to eat a roll; he opened his mouth and ate it. How foolish some of us would think it was if such a thing were to happen now, but this holy prophet knew obedience was better than sacrifice, and this was the way God had of preparing him to appear before this hard-hearted and perverse nation. Although the dark and discouraging part was pictured to him very dense, still the Lord did not forget to give him a few encouraging words. He told him to "take patiently their rejection of thee, for I thy Lord bear it along with thee."

HOW BEAUTIFUL to know and feel that we are not alone in this war, but we have a Silent Partner, Whom we know sympathizes and feels for

WEST ONTARIO WAR DESPATCH.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gifford
There—Going to Bang the
H. F. Bull's-Eye.

BRIGADIER MARGETTES.

TWENTY-ONE SENIOR and five Junior seekers were worth all the ordinary and extraordinary efforts we put forth in London at our recent three days' "Big Gun."

Yes, it was a fact that the streets were blockaded, and our friends, the police, said "Move on, or we shall

Have to Arrest You."

We did MOVE ON to the barracks, for the tenth minutes that day, and got two more seekers.

us, and takes greater interest than we do in the saving of souls.

How well I remember when the dear Lord was calling me to "leave all" and follow Him. I hesitated for some time, just like many are doing to-day. I lost no time, but came and surrendered myself to the will of God and launch out on His promises, for "His grace will be sufficient for you," for "His strength is made

Perfect in Weakness."

Hallelujah! How wrong it is for us to try to have our own choice, or to make ourselves believe this or that is right, when God shows so plainly the straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal.

Look at the POOR SOULS day after day who go to the gambling saloons, dance halls, and such places for amusement, and drink, and drink, to drown their miseries. What anguish and torment await them beyond, and you are standing back, not heeding the Master's call to go and warn them of their terrible danger.

Oh, my dear readers who are halting, are you really in earnest about precious souls? Do you ever think for one moment how

Millions now in hell are crying,
"All is lost!"
Amid eternal flames they're lying,
"All is lost!"

And you are not doing your share to rescue them or to warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

Did you ever stop for a while and think what hell was really like, with its never ceasing torments.

The Agonizing Shrieks

of the poor souls who are in the dreadful pit which burns throughout the countless ages of eternity?

"They wring their hands and tear their hair;

All is lost!
Their souls are filled with dark despair;

All is lost!
Like smoke their endless torments

rise.
They feel the worm that never dies,
While unavailing are their cries,
"All is lost!"

"When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn him from his wicked way, to save his life: the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but—HIS BLOOD—WILL—I REQUIRE—AT—THINE—HAND."

A FIVE-MILE TRUDGE is no joke with a small Headquarters in one's waist, and one or two musical instruments. Had a rattling open-air on arrival, ditto at Kingsville the following night, despite the rain.

WINDSOR. Here for week-end is the SALVATION TENT. Down comes the rain in dead earnest. Saturday night and Sunday afternoon alike—threatened again Sunday night. The elements play deadly havoc with congregation. One drunk volunteer, nevertheless. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gifford came over the line and gave us a helping hand.

COMRADES, WORK, PRAY, BELIEVE for and claim a revival. Lieut. Bentley is promoted to Captain, and Cadets Hooper, Hinkley and Fell go

Up the Ladder One Rung.

Captains Comstock and Stubbs, and

wife, go on lengthy furloughs. God bless these comrades.

THE DESPERADOES closed a blessed campaign at Woodstock, and are in for a better at Strathroy. Souls, their cry.

CLEAR THE DECKS, gather your wife together, lay your plans, organize your forces, set to work, stir creation. Be determined to conquer, and

Bang the Bull's-Eye

to pieces. We are to come out on top this time. The W. F. is the "we" and we are its match. Now for a stunning victory!



MISS GARNETT, our L. R. Agent for the pretty little town of Thorburg. Last quarter she got \$5.07 in tier 36 boxes, which are well circulated in the above town. God speed Miss Garnett!



"The school of common task-work is the best place in the world to grow into spiritual culture."

—OXO—

"Love is no love at all which shrinks from making itself 'complicated' in its ardor at the right time—and Paul seems to find no 'out of reason' in the matter of love for souls."

—OXO—

"No hay-game is man's life, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principles and powers. . . . It is a stern pilgrimage, through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of tick-ribbed ice."

—OXO—

"Servants, as they must do their Master's work, so they must do that work which their Master appoints them; they must be for any work their Master bids or them in do; they must not pick and choose."

—OXO—

"We want in this age, above all, fire, God's holy fire, burning in the hearts of men, stirring their souls, thrilling in their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers."



"I'm going to snuck it, one party. The Salvationists are going to have a Harvest Festival, or something like that, and I'm going to swear off and help 'em."

OVER SEA COLONY

Spying Out the Land.

BY BRIGADIER CLIBBORN.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM at the Toronto station on Monday noon, the occasion being the departure of the Over-Sea Colony Commission for the far west. Shortly after noon the Commission arrived, with Col. Stitt, Brigadier Clibborn, and Mr. Lawford. Time is short: a little hurrying, scurrying here and there, the arrival every few minutes of detachments of Headquarters' officers, the firewell

Prayer-Meeting on the Platform,

in which the Commandant called for guidance and blessing upon those who are going and those who remain behind, then, amidst the thunder of salvation valleys, led by Col. Holland, the train moved out, and the party embarked upon the important commission, freighted with such boundless results, we trust, for the future.



each member was well loaded with baggage. A conglomeration of concertinas, banjos, guitar, valises, boxes, all were hurried out of the car on to the platform, life being added to the scene by one member of the commission endeavoring to find out whether the platform or

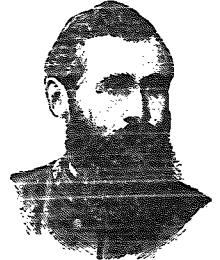
The Broad of His Back

was the harder. After a fair trial, in which he narrowly escaped getting under the cars, he gave the decided opinion that the platform was the harder of the two.

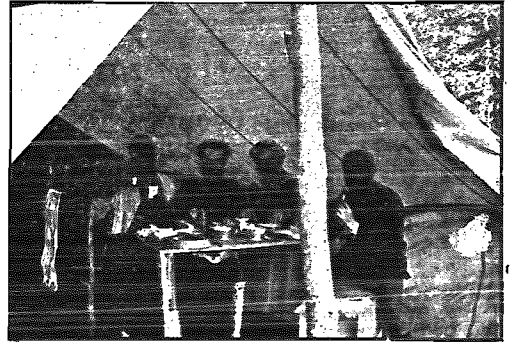
A few minutes in the dark landed us at the settlement hotel, where a Salvation Army convert soon claimed the Commandant and his private secretary for the night, who marched off to the vacation of the proprietor of the Grand Central hotel. The other three members of the Commission were shown upstairs, and after a careful examination of sheets, pillows, which looked suspicious, they decided as it was late, and they were very tired, that it was best not to

Picking Data from the Settlers regarding their past and present experiences, as well as sounding their faith for the future.

It was a pretty sight at a little clearing out in the woods, with three log huts as a back-ground, to see a group of French Canadian women and children drawn up around our wagon so as to be included in the photograph which was being taken of the scene. Everybody held their breath, and looked steadily for several seconds, while our photographer, in the person of Capt. Frank Morris, assumed a scientific attitude. When, however, everybody thought the photograph was taken, and were beginning to move off, the scientific man discovered he had forgotten to draw the slide, so after a little merriment at his expense, the ranks were formed



BRIGADIER CLIBBORN.



Taking dinner at the Government Agent's tent, Verner Settlement, Algoma.

again, and this time he pronounced the attempt successful, as may be proved by the brilliant result in a later Cry.

We partook of our noon-day meal in a tent of the Government Agent of the district, somewhere out in the woods.

Jolt, jolt, jolt, went the wagon over the newly-made roads through the clearings. Each unit was

Occupied by Cross-Questioning

the settlers as to their experiences in farming in the new district.

One well-to-do colonist entertained the party for supper a little time, after which the Commandant led a prayer and testimony meeting in the parlor, and on returning to the village we entertained the settlers by a Salvation Army concert, given from the verandah of Mr. Wilson's house, and by midnight we were again on the cars steaming westward.

THE TIME...

For that Great Effort, THE HARVEST FESTIVAL, is surely drawing nearer.

Then Sound the Rally Call!



The party at Verner Settlement, in the convergence they surveyed the French farms from.

Adjutant Magee

TELLS OF A YEAR'S VICTORIES.

Two Hundred Penitents—His Credo.

ADJUTANT MAGEE visits over forty corps every three months, overseeing thirty G. L. M. agents, inspecting their books, instructing and encouraging them; also keeping a correspondence with the D. O's and F. O's. He visits business people to enlist auxiliaries and S. L. members, etc., etc. Also conducting about eight open-air and nine or ten inside meetings weekly.

"During the past year," he says, "we have seen nearly two hundred souls at the penitent-form for salvation and holiness in Light Brigade meetings." In four week-ends at Kingston, eighty-six have knelt at the mercy-seat.

Among a level-headed business people he finds the greatest respect for the Army and its leaders.

Many changes have been on the board. MRS. BOOTH, by her example and cheer, has been a source of constant inspiration. MAJOR READ has been like a father, and Adjutant Southall has helped. Looking back over the year, Adjutant feels like getting down in the dust in praise to God and confession of weakness. He adds:

"I am happy, contented, satisfied, going ahead. Praise God, I love THE COMMANDANT. I believe in him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He has not always found me an angel. I love him because he has the courage of his convictions, and is not afraid to say and do what he knows is right. I see those scissors coming."

PICTON.—Special meetings at Pictou led by Adj. Magee, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Sunday afternoon an sacrament of recruits, Sunday night, memorial service of Sister Munroe. At the close ONE precious soul. Monday being the first of July, there were great crowds in town. Four times during the day the Salvationists turned out for open air, which upset his majesty a considerable lot, and a number of his followers were badly wounded. Since then we have seen TWO MORE desert his island.—H. Walker, Capt.



The O.S.C. party, with a group of French women and children. Taken at the Verner Settlement, Algoma.

Here and there along the road a few interesting incidents occurred, demonstrating the interest felt by the Canadian forces in the proposed survey. Here and there officers and soldiers, who were on the look-out for the train, would come aboard with boxes of provisions and something to drink.

At North Bay the lawless in command turned out, accompanied by the coverts,

With Tea-Pot well Charged.

cups, saucers, etc., and were able to give a glowing account of their work. Ultimately we arrived at Verner Station. Train stopped half a minute, causing a rush for getting off, as

look too closely into the matter, but got to bed

Next morning a colonist, with a span of fine horses hitched to a bonnie-sinker, appeared at the door, and the Commission started on a tour of inspection through some freshly-settled country in the vicinity, examining the crops, soil, etc.,



Col. Stitt, O.S.C. Investigator.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and redemption of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation Army in all places. It is published weekly except on Sundays and public holidays. Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.



A H. F. STRUGGLE.

THE GENERAL.

At the time of writing, the General is just starting on his long tour for this continent. He avails himself of every present-day facility for travel, the making of the world his parish in a far more literal sense than was ever possible before. A "vessel unto honor," he is evidently divinely fitted in more senses than one for this arduous work. Since his arrival in our meetings on this continent he has been prefiguring several of the countries in Europe. Once ill health compelled him to desist from public work, but he soon rallied again, and plunged into the fight with the fierce ardor and apostolic earnestness so characteristic of him. Africa, Australia, and India will welcome their Divinely-sent and blessed General. God grant that he may be fully sustained throughout his campaigns, and that his visit to the continents named may stir up wide-spread and deep-working revivals of the unadulterated religion of Jesus Christ.

THE SOCIAL SCHEME.

Human nature is essentially conservative. It takes alarm, and often prejudice against a new thing simply on account of its newness. The Army's history is an illustration of this fact. When it emerged from its Christian mission cradle and exhibited to the world those distinctive characteristics which make it an Army of Salvation, the world was against it. The press, the pulpit, and the rabble, all combined to assail the Army, while the General became, beyond doubt, the most abused man in the world. The Army went on with its work, which work, when known, compels appreciation, and now the General is respected and beloved universally, while the Army is recognized as Christendom's Advance Guard. The Social Scheme has likewise received much opposition, which opposition lessens in proportion to the knowledge gained of the Scheme. The Over-Sea Colony, which is the latest development of the Social Scheme, is getting a somewhat peculiar reception in the newspapers here, which take a distorted view of what the General proposes to do. We refer our people to the series of papers by the General which have recently appeared in the "War Cry" for a clear and accurate account of what it is proposed to do. As for the talk of the "London gutter snipe," who will become a "burden" on our fellow-citizens here, we have before stated that only the coldest of men with equal opportunities would junk a good citizen in the Old Country will ever become a member of the O.-S. C. community. And we object to the term "gutter snipe." It is a term which is used by the gutter, and stands firm in its integrity, is no "gutter snipe." The majority, however, who will become colonists have as their only fault the questionable one of poverty.

BAD BOOKS.

The story outlined in our front-page this week is a sad illustration of the fact recorded in our editorial columns last week, viz., that the example and influence of evil men are reproduced through the impressionable characters of our boys. Parents! what will your children become? The answer rests with you. According to the seed sown in your children's hearts, so will be the harvest. The boy who had a knife's blade in his mother's heart's blood is said to have been influenced by evil books. Take warning. Evil is ever active. Lead the children to God's mercy-seat. Jesus will receive them as tenderly as He did in Palestine centuries ago. Fill them with the knowledge of God and goodness, live before them in the "beauty of holiness" yourself, and there will be no room left for the lodgment of sin's seeds. God save and bless the children.



High-class dinner table. Gent reads daily paper. Lady gets hold of H. F. circular.

LADY (inquiring): "Papa, I believe the Salvation Army people are doing a good work. The Reverend Mr. Dibleton speaks well of them. I think I'll give the gardener orders to give the Captain some produce."

GENT: "Very well, dear. Please yourself."

Headquarter's Crumbs

GROUND FINE.

HURRY back, Commandant! Shall be glad to see you once more.

COLONEL HOLLAND here, there, and everywhere, kept on the rush.

MAJOR READ prepares for his far-lough.

STAFF-CAPT. LEBETON and Ensign Morris to Kingston on rest.

ADJUTANT GEO. WOOD, New York, called in yesterday.

NEWS received that four English laund officers arrived in Montreal.

MRS. ENSIGN BURDETTE (nee Sadie Turner) holds on at Lindsay.

LIEUT. TURPIN, of C. O. P. Headquarters, promoted Captain.

CAPTAIN M. CLARK, late of C. O. P. Headquarters, takes charge of Aurora.

SPLENDID new press in printing office. Beat up to date.

MAJOR HOWELL back from tour up north. Great time.

CAPT. BARR, Naval Brigade Advance Agent, returned last week.

WOMEN WARRIORS' BAND in Toronto, Sunday, Aug. 4.

NAVAL BRIGADE here week later.

COL. HOLLAND led musical meeting and ice cream social at Yorkville on July 29th.

RICHMOND STREET band has four lassies in it. Special caps.

Ensign Gibbs and her aides have already won the hearts of the people, and so has C. O. Frink, of North Bay.

We heard some good testimonies up north. One brother said, "Friends, I am not used to this sort of thing. It's all new. I am more used to the bar-room. I don't think these girls know what kind of a fellow I was or they would not have taken me in the Army." This is just the kind we are after, brother.

We had a good time with ENSIGN SAVAGE at BRACEBRIDGE. Mrs. Savage has been sick but is better. The Ensign accompanied us to Huntsville, North Bay, and Sudbury.

MRS. HOWELL, accompanied by Mrs. Turner, has been on a tour around Collingwood.

THE WOMEN WARRIORS' BAND is doing well. They have just got on their feet.

THE TENT BRIGADE is also pushing ahead well. There are some splendid returns this week from special efforts.

We are losing ENSIGNS LEE, MYLES, and McAMMOND from this Province.

WELCOME, CAPTAINS BYRES and HEISLER, Toronto. We have fought together before.

Adjutant Miller, Ensign Maltby, and Mrs. Ensign Burdette, are coming into the Province.

We had a rattling good time AT BARRIE last week-end. Several came out for a clean heart, and one for salvation. Capt. Peacock assisted. He was saved there thirteen years ago at the Army penitentiary. He said when he got saved he felt like a man who had on forty overcoats and threw them all off.

We are having a FIELD AND STAFF CHANGE, affecting twenty-eight stations.

And WHAT ABOUT HARVEST FESTIVALS? Now, comrades, we must get ready all round. Don't be late with arrangements. We must have victory, victory!

VICTORIA—Adjutant Archibald led at the week-end. Lieut. Anderson served for Vancouver. One soul on Sunday night, making THREE for the week. New officers to arrive. A hearty, low-down, Victorian welcome awaits them.—Annie Reilly, S.C.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S NOTES

BY MAJOR HOWELL.

We have just returned from OUR NORTHERN TOUR. Several souls professed salvation and others clean hearts.

Very good week-end at HUNTSVILLE. Our comrades there are anxious about a new barracks. We are putting the matter before the Property Board.

We have had the pleasure of enrolling the first batch of recruits at NORTH BAY and SUDBURY.

The honor of presenting colors to these new corps was also conferred upon us.

We were greeted with good crowds. Up north there is a good field for the Army among those Nipissing people.

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CAPT. PUGH'S 4th Tour.

MORE VICTORIES—PRESENTED HER BROOCH.

EASTERN PROVINCE.—This is my fourth tour. The G. B. M. B. is going up, up, up. Souls are being saved, and pocketbooks are speeding.

At YARMOUTH, the initial corps, the merchants responded liberally. Rev. Mr. Darnstead, of Milton, lent us his church for a rescue meeting, in which Mrs. Pugh spoke, especially of her experience at Ottawa. One young lady was so touched that

She Removed Her Brooch

from her neck and gave it to Mrs. Pugh to sell. Secured thirteen members for the Social League.

CLARK'S HARDER meetings in open-air, and good crowds, but fog came up and cleared us. There are a good many boxes out, and the agent, Mrs. Brannen, and Sister Colquhoun, mean to do even still better.

FREESTOP. Here I was charmed. Building packed out to the doors. I, Agent, Miss Blanche Perry, had collected \$5. DIGBY.—Here Mrs. Bowles has the G. B. M. well in hand. She loves the work. Mrs. Pugh was told by one gentleman that there was a good

Opening for a "Creche"

in this place. The Social League increased by eight. At ANNAPOLIS, I, Agent, Mrs. McKay, very busy with household cares, but not too busy to attend to her G. B. M. work. Mrs. McKay increased her returns \$4 over last quarter. Sister A. Hawes, of BRIDGETOWN did well with her boxes. There are hundreds of people, my comrades, in your town, who would take boxes if asked to. GO FOR THEM.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES

MRS. BOOTH TO THE FIELD

HARVEST FESTIVAL
REMINDERS.

SPECIAL MESSAGE.

HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1895.



THE COMMANDANT has at last got beyond the bounds of civilization and has disappeared—where we don't know. The last we heard of him was a telegram saying he expected to spend a week on the almost, if not altogether, trackless prairie, after which he expected to accompany our Over-Sixty Colour Inspection party to British Columbia. We are quite happy in the reflection that though two thousand miles from us, surrounded, perhaps, by prairie wolves or mountain bears, he is looked after by the guiding hand of Providence. Who will see that he dushes not his foot against a stone. Our prayers follow you, dear Commandant.

THE STAFF CHANGE is not over. Prominent among the new appointments are: Adjutant Taylor to Chatham; Ensign McDonald to British Columbia; McAmmond to Montreal; Moore to Guelph; Miller to Simcoe; Malloy to Lindsay, and Hunter to Petrolin. Space forbids the mention of more here. Watch the Gazette.

THE COMMANDANT is just now considering the promotion to the Staff of cavalry. Let us hope one day "I have not had a chance." Never in all history did greater opportunities present themselves to capable people. Every day the Commandant's eye runs to and fro thro' the earth looking for people who can carry increased responsibilities. Just now Provincial Secretary's assistants are wanted for the Maritime and West Ontario Provinces. Then there is an opening for officers who will men as better Commanders than I have seen as yet. Watch this column.

THEN THERE ARE OTHER CHANGES in the wind. Several officers have made application for transfer to the United States (a). Among them is a certain well-known individual with a high-sounding naval title, who prides himself on his sea-going capacities. It is, however, rather soon to mention names.

MAJOR READ, who has done yeoman service in various important offices during the past eight years, has obtained a furlough to visit his home in the Old Land. He sails on August 20, and is due to return during the first week in October. He is at present in an ecstasy of delight over the arrival of a little daughter. Both mother and child are doing well.

APPARENTLY there is something after all in the oft-repeated advice, "Go west, young man." Evidently they do things in better style out there than we do in this old man-of-war to do. Referring to the Winnipeg Shelter in his despatch, the Commandant says it is the best he has seen up to date. In a letter from Major Friedrich, arriving almost simultaneously, he says the Victoria Shelter is the finest in Canada. We salute you, fair westerners.

MRS. ENSIGN BURETTE (nee Captain Sadie Turner), of Hurrie, who returned from India some months ago, has been finally transferred from that country. Her husband is at present in England. Whether they will be appointed to Canada or not has yet to be decided. Mrs. Burette is at present supplying at Lindsay.

MRS. BURETTE MARGRETTES, who has been sick for some time, is now improving. Mrs. Adjutant Archibald also has been in poor health for some time. Absolute rest is said to be necessary. Major and Mrs. Morris have been receiving Captain's friends and Dodd on such an extended furlough. Ensign Ritchie is again suffering from his old complaint.

Smith, the murderer, who escaped from Spokane jail and then arrested, was visited several times by Captain Bell and Lieut. Ziebarth, and ultimately pleaded with to repent and give himself to God. It was his answer indifferent. "The wages of sin is death."

DEAR OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND FRIENDS:—In the Commandant's absence, I cannot refrain from sending you a few words with regard to the coming Harvest Festival.

We want it to be A MARVELLOUS SUCCESS, and to this end our faith rung mountains high. Once more we are looking to you for hearty, energetic co-operation. We must win this battle, and with your united help defeat is impossible, for "YE ARE NOT MEN AND WOMEN TO BE CONQUERED."

It is not necessary for me to seek to enlist your sympathy and assistance, for past achievements have not only shown the great things you are capable of doing when your heart is on fire, but your readiness to put both hands to the plow.

My words, therefore, are merely intended to inspire you TO SURPASS YOURSELF, and to proceed full steam ahead.

In order to make this scheme all we desire it to be, three things are indispensable:

1. EARNEST PRAYER.
2. Fervent faith.
3. Incessant work.

It has been said by Luther that prayer is half work. Upon the blessing of God depends everything.

Let us insure it.

Let us pray with one accord that He may direct us in the smallest detail. We shall then be enabled to do everything for His glory.

Let us have great expectancy! A faith that appropriates! Believe little and you will receive little; believe



The Cross in the Press.

"All the Word of the Lord was Published."

The Salvation Army printing press, issued during 1894, fifty-one millions of newspapers, magazines, periodicals, books, tracts, and other publications. These all contained, in some form or other, simple and straightforward descriptions of the evil of sin and of the grace of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Almost every one of them contained some definite teaching for the ungodly, for the young, and for the afflicted, and practical advice to those who are serving Christ. A large proportion were illustrated; they were published in 24 languages, and circulated more or less in almost every part of the world.

The Army Literature is almost all sold to its readers, who pay to the various Headquarters about \$1,000,000 per annum for the same. The circulation of these papers is a means of publishing Christ to thou-

much and you will receive much—so much that your barracks will not be able to contain it.

Lastly, let us work with all our might. Some people are very good at praying and believing, but then comes the FULL STOP. Not so with us, we are not made of mere sentiment.

We Believe in Action.

The Chief of the Staff once asked his little daughter what hard work meant. After some thought, in her childish way she answered, "Hard work means—perspiration, Papa."

LET THIS BE FOR US A TIME OF PERSPARATION. Let us roll up our sleeves and go at it as if we meant it. The great object in view is worth unusual effort. Remember, there are no selfish interests mixed up with this enterprise: we only seek hereby to advance the kingdom of God and relieve the Army from the financial pressure which necessarily must prevent swifter progress.

Our Social operations are phenomenally successful, and hat for the sick of funds, how marvelously this work might yet be developed!

March on, dear comrades, right boldly! Let no false modesty prevent us from urging everybody within our reach to bring their tithes "into the storehouse of God," inspiring everybody with

A Passion for Giving.

thus we shall touch our zenith.

Our dear Commandant, as well as myself, is full of assurance that unparalleled triumph awaits us.

Yours in love and faith,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

sands of the godless, many of them being sold in public-houses, theatres, saloons, brothels, work-houses, and at entrances to race-courses, and at similar public resorts. All the labor involved in this is quite voluntary, and is carried on by godly persons specially selected and appointed in accordance with a regular system adopted by the Army throughout the world.

The literature of the Army is unsectarian — is non-political — never makes any attacks, or accusations, or reflections upon Christians or their work. It is written in simple language for the common people — filled with testimony and witness to personal religion — gives no place to the "higher criticism," and takes no advertisements. — Bramwell Booth, in "Others."

INVERSOLO—Capt. Collier has just arrived to take charge for a short time. We held a grand open-air last night, crowds flocking round to hear "the old, old story," and see the new Captain. Deep interest, good collection. Sunday meetings perched by the Spirit and presence of God.—Miss Kennedy.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Just a word or two, my brother D. O.'s! Most decidedly you hold the reins of success. By your exertions and strenuous efforts you can make such a mark upon your own corps and your P. O.'s that shall most certainly terminate in triumphant victory. In the Central Ontario Province the Toronto District second at the top last year, raising in all \$285.69. The Hamilton District came next at \$124.23, but I should not be surprised to see Hamilton beat Toronto this year. However, Harrie may win these laurels, eh, Ensign Scarr?

!!!!!!!

Now, turn to the West Ontario Districts. London did the best at \$162.34. Then think of it: the Simcoe District took second at \$144.90, only \$17.44 less than London. Then followed the Palmerston District at \$125.65, and the Chatham District at \$122.51. Which D. O. will be the victor this year?

!!!!!!!

What about the districts of the East Ontario Province? Well, Kingston did noble work, and raised the magnificent sum of \$25.75. Ottawa took second place at \$20, and Peterboro' third at \$20. We wonder which of these districts will this year be the conqueror.

!!!!!!!

Now, ye wise men, look toward the west! The brave and devoted efforts of the Victoria soldiers, as well as those of the other B. C. corps, lifted this district clean over the sky at \$925.85, of which sum the Victoria corps alone collected about half. Helena, Butte, and Spokane each ought to do well. It is a new scheme, and the untiring efforts of their brave officers and soldiers will surely be crowned with success. What say you, Major Friedrich? Don't forget that \$2,000 is your target.

!!!!!!!

Now, Major Bennett, what about your districts? Last year the Winnipeg District raised in all \$892.26, and even the plucky little Brandon District lifted \$138.25. For are there not several more corps added? Then Winnipeg District is much enlarged since last year.

!!!!!!!

Right about face to the eastern part of our fair Dominion! New Glasgow District carried off the palm last year at \$242. Hurry! What was the St. John District doing, to allow N. G. to defeat her by nearly \$100? The Halifax District took second place, raising \$190. Now, there will evidently be a big fight this year between these three districts.

!!!!!!!

Newfoundland! Last year the St. John's, or Central District, did the best, raising \$977. Of course the plucky Northerners did next best at \$118.95, but they had better watch the Grand Bank District this year or Ensign W. J. Payne will carry off the palm.

!!!!!!!

Again, ye labor-loving District of ficers, allow me to tell you that the Commandant's expectations for your victory in Harvest Festival matters is great indeed. Your Provincial Secretary depends upon you. God is interested in all you do. One and all, "cheer up and go on."



A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

"BEAUTIFUL MUSIC"

(-!-?).

CAPTAIN DIDN'T WANT to take that worn-out harp.



It was a shabby old thing, to be sure, and wouldn't keep in tune. But she bundled it under her arm and went off.

THE DEVIL TOLD BROTHER B— he was "a fool" for taking out that corner, and he (the devil) said to some of the rest of us, that we looked very idly indeed standing on the corner, with

Only an Odd Few Standing around, and at the doors.

But, somehow or other, we enjoyed that meeting, and shouted and sang, played and prayed to our heart's content.

—ollo—

An hour or so after I entered the meeting, after visiting a sick comrade, and "the sight that cheers us most—a sinner at the cross," met my gaze.

A young man, the husband of THE WEEPING PENITENT, was excitedly shaking hands with everybody. The little wife soon rose and testified to sins forgiven.

"Did you follow from the open-air?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, and I'm so glad I came. I was away down the street and heard

Such Beautiful Music,

and I had to follow, and oh, I'm so glad I came."

—ollo—

In visiting this convert, the English found HER SISTER, a beautiful girl of 19, sinking into a dreadful fever.

She was saved that afternoon, and every time we visited her she was trustful and happy, not caring to live—longing to go to Jesus.

—ollo—

I went away for a few days and returned in time for soldiers' meeting.

I was surprised to see the mother of these two converts, accompanied by a young girl, and THE INTENDING HUSBAND of the sick daughter come in, but supposed she must be better, and began hoping for another soul.

Ensign went to the young man as soon as prayer-meeting started. Soon he was on his knees seeking mercy.

After meeting I ran to speak to the mother, and found her dear girl had gone to her sister's found Jesus.

"My two girls got salvation here, and I brought him; he was soul-sick, and in such trouble, I know he'd get saved if he came."



The girl at her side seemed touched a good deal, and after a few words and a promise to come to-morrow night, I left her. The next night SHE too knelt at Jesus' feet, and found mercy.



Rescue Notes from "The City by the Sea."

THE LOUD SCREECH of a NIGHT-HAWK sounded as he flew over the neighboring gardens in search of any unwary chicken that might not be safely tucked beneath his mother's warm wing. Inwardly we hoped he would find none. "A man shall be for an hiding-place," Isa. xxxii. 2. "Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible one is as a storm against the wall," Isa. xxv. 4. Thank God, we are safe beneath His feathers, and are also sheltering a number of girls from

The Social Hawks of Society.



"THERE'S SALVATION FOR YOU, SISTER!"

We are trying to help them find refuge in Jesus.

"NOBODY SEEMS to JAW here. The officers don't jaw, and the girls don't jaw," said one little girl, with a look of surprise, after a few days' sojourn with us.

"Why?" asked one of the other girls, "I would you used to people jawing before you came here?"

"I should think so," she replied. "Everybody jawed where I came from."

Query?

If the Captain had left her hump behind her, and Bro. B— his cornet, and the old, cracked cymbals and timbrels had remained in the barracks, would these four souls have been saved?

The music didn't satisfy the devil, that's sure, and lots of people might have laughed at our singing, but with the blessing of God it started the joy bells of Heaven over

Four Precious Souls.

MRS. ENSIGN BRADLEY.

BUTTE CITY.—Glad to say our new Major's visit was a success. Six souls one week. FOUR YEARS the S. A. has fought in this city with blessed results and houses made happy, souls saved, of various nationalities and creeds, drunkards, gamblers, saloon-keepers, and all classes of sinners at the cross. Brother Nokes now testifies of power in the blood to cleanse

Though by his h and education all the evil tendencies are unusually developed in this child, we are hoping to see her thoroughly changed by God's grace.

—oro—

A FEW SCENES in another girl's life:

First, a tiny baby, two days old, left upon a doorstep one bright May morning, without covering of any kind, discovered by a kind-hearted policeman and provided with a shelter.

Second, a child led into

Sins of Crimson Hue

at the age of nine walking London's streets at midnight when only eleven, sleeping under trees in the woods for weeks at a time.

Third, in the hospital in Canada, suffering the sure results of a life of wrong.

Lastly, a weeping girl brought to the Rescue Home. "I have come in to this Home a sinner, but I hope to be good when I leave," were her touching words.

Then conviction took hold of her, her eyes were opened to see the real-



AT WHITBY we were greeted with a dressing shower. However, the bountiful supper that Captain Sheard prepared for us made us forget that we had just left home.

Then made our crowd small. We talked to OSHAWA, where Adjutant Turner came from Toronto with his cornet. The open-air was beautiful, crowds inside very good. One backslider came home.

AT HOWMANVILLE an immense crowd in the open air.

In spite of misfortunes and losses on the way we arrived at BROOKLIN by 7 p.m. Splendid meeting, with all barracks. At POINT PERRY real good time. We were reinforced by Ensign Arkett, also Sister Jewell, of Uxbridge. Here we heard of Major Jewer's death, which saddened us all.

At OMEMEE we thoroughly enjoyed the meetings. LIXLEY proved the yet. Capt. Lindsay, on arrival, helped considerably, also Bandmaster Fred Lindsay, of the Bowery corps band, New York. The Lindsay band also united with us. A beautiful time, especially at the picnic at Balcaragon. We are improving nicely, and hope soon to come so favorably with OUR SISTER L. OF THE W.O.P.

WEST ONTARIO LASSIES' BRASS BAND, after a successful week-end in Bradford, took train for WATKIN-FORD. The Baptist people kindly lent us their church. The rain cleared up about 8 p.m., so we held a short open-air. Good crowd considering. Capt. H. drove us to Simcoe for two days. At TILSONBURG, although the girls were somewhat tired after their long drive, we had a good time. People gave liberally in the open-air. Next evening the rain commenced to pour down and continued during the meeting. This, of course, prevented lots from coming. At NORWICH on Saturday night. On our listening outside would sound not unlike a band contest. There was

A Cardon Party

on the lawn adjoining the barracks, and first we would play, then they, and sometimes both. Sunday afternoon it rained again and we had to seek shelter under the balcony of an hotel. Nice crowd in the barracks, and at the close one soul. At night the barracks was filled. One left the downward path. The elements have been somewhat against us, but we are still having victory.

BIG BASS.

GREAT FALLS, Montana.—God's spirit manifested. Our first night without officers. Sister Scott led the testimony meeting. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves singing. Our audience counted up to about twenty. There being no tabernacle, Sister Scott took a straw hat, passed it round once, and to the surprise of the soldiers the hat contained \$3.75. More testimonies, then the lesson was read by the Sergeant-Major. The lesson was given, and one sin-sick and sorrowful soul knelt at the feet of Jesus. Many more under conviction. Two gentlemen shaking hands with the sergeant-major pined in his hand what change they had amounting to \$1.42, then said good-night, then making our collection up to \$5.17, without any begging.—N.M.



Farmer Turnell, to cow.—"Well, ole gal, yer life's going to be cut short! I'll be alive 'afternoon to yer' long knoll. Yer'll look fine on the Harvest Festival bound at the barracks."

ties of eternity. At night visions of

The Lake of Fire

and the devil, who had deceived her, passed before her eyes. Then she saw Jesus, the Man of Sorrows. Her mental state affected her until she was so weak she could scarcely get around.

Asking how she felt, she replied, "Oh, I'm so wicked!" We prayed with her, and she found SALVATION.

ADJUTANT COWAN.

Although young, he has passed some time in prison. When we look around this wicked city, we pray God will make us a real blood and fire corps. We had an ice cream, cake and lemonade supper, our officers' farewell. There is a mighty work to be done here.—Thomas Hewwood, for Captain Stephens.

"WAR CRY" WITNESS BOX.

P.S. BENNETT'S TESTIMONY.

God is sharpening my appetite for more. I have seen thirty-eight souls cry for salvation during the last sixteen days, and forty-four for the blessing of a clean heart. To God I give the glory, and go on full stretch for more. This is the kind of thing I love, and delight in with all my heart.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."



SCOTCH BOB, MODERN, PRODIGAL,

A Serial Story.

"And when he had spent all there
arose a mighty famine in that land
and he began to be in want."

CHAPTER V.

AS FAR AS PHYSICAL COURAGE goes, those Indians have any amount, but when it comes to moral courage—the courage that can stand to be laughed at by their companions—why, they have nothing to boast of.

In the Old Sun-Dance

that they have to perform before they could become "braves," they have a thing passed through their flesh and attached to a post. Then they dance round and round, until sometimes the piece of flesh would be torn off. Of course, the idea is to show their power of endurance and courage. But if one of them thinks he sees a ghost he will get into a perfect frenzy of terror.

Once we had been moving our tents on the open prairie further along, in hope of finding some fresh meat. We used to pull up some of last year's grass, if we could get it, to try and make our beds a little more comfortable to lie on. I was starting to gather some down near a swamp, when one of the Indians came back and said he had seen a "cheepee" (ghost) in the grass. Then nothing would induce him to pull any more, and he wouldn't let me either. He got so angry I thought I'd better give up the idea; he said we'd have cheepies round the camp all night if I did. So we had to sleep on the hard ground that night, sure enough.

But our food was the worst part of my winter's experience. Being cut off from the trading post, we ran out of our supplies, sugar, flour, oatmeal, and the snow was so deep we were shut in and reduced to tea and KAKKAWIT, or dried meat. They take a piece of meat, cut it into slices, and hang it up upon the rafters of the tent, amidst the smoke, and leav- ing it there. Nice?—yes, it's like tak- ing a piece of rope and pulling it to shreds and chewing it. It made me feel awfully sick at first, but in spite of everything, I grow healthy and

vigorous. We had nothing else for some time. They have a sort of tobacco which they make from the bark of a willow and smoke.

There was some pemican, too, but that was

Mixed with Skunk Grease.

It was a long time before I could bring myself to that, but through being exposed so much to the intense frost and cold, one's system craves for FAT, and the thought of grease became so delicious that by holding my nose, not to smell it, I managed to taste the big can of skunk grease, and found it wasn't bad at all when I had overcome my scruples.



IMMOVIL, Blackfeet Indian.

At last, to my delight, A WARM WIND SPRANG up from the west, the snow melted, and I thought the spring had come, for I'd lost all track of time. However, the Indians warn- ed me not to start, it was only a tem- porary delusion.

But I coaxed, pleaded, persuaded, and promised them all sorts of things if only they would take me to the white settlement, until at last one of them agreed, in spite of his counsel. So I left the Indians, and the squaws, in their teepees, and started off.

At night time we camped in a poplar bluff, lighted a fire of all the dried squaws we could gather, spread our blankets, and slept as best we could, for the cold grew intense. In the morning we put more fuel on, boiled our tea, and ate our pemican. At last we SHOT A DEER. It was so long since we had tasted fresh meat, and we were so famished for want of something, that whilst

The Marrow-Bones were Still Smoking

we ate the fat out of them. Then we cooked some of the meat. The rest the Indian buried to take home

on his return, after trying a rag, and making one or two signs to mark the spot.

At length, with perseverance, and the aid of our tough, little Indian ponies, we came in sight of the settlement of the white people.

When I reached it, I found they were just thinking of sending out an expedition of mounted police in search of me.

The news soon spread all round the place, "SCOTCH BOB'S COME BACK," and they came to see me. I must have looked a wild object, too, after a winter's camp along with the Indians. My hair had grown down to my shoulders, and my clothes I had

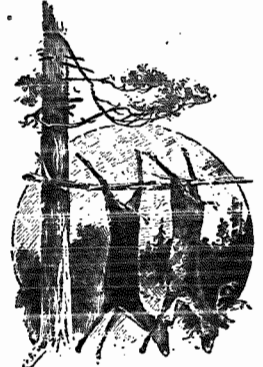
Patched Up with Buckskin

as best I could. I had my red flannel shirt, moccasins, and a half-breed sash, twisted round my waist, with the ends hanging, and a knife stuck in. But the worst of it was, I'd had to live without washing. I was so unused to ordinary food that the first straight meal I took with milk and sugar, and bread and butter, made me desperately sick.

I went right into Calgary in that rig, and so I first met THE SALVATION ARMY.

I must have looked a wild and woolly specimen of the west!

I went in, supposing it was some sort of amusement. I heard the girls serving the hotel table talking about it, and that was all I knew. I hadn't been in that meeting long, though, before I changed my opinion, and I was in no mind to play the fool. I



"WE SHOT THE DEER."

and at night, what with the mourn- ful tug of the river and

The Howling of the Prairie Wolves,

the loneliness was enough to make you creep.

I broke the prairie sod with a spade, and cleared it with my own hands and an axe. I cut the roof- pole, and sap-paired my place to make it more suitable. Then I carried my fence from a quarter of mile to shut in my little bit of cleared land.

I was getting my garden in nice trim when if a neighbor's horses didn't come over my land, broke down my fence, and trampled my garden to nothing. After all the toil I'd put into it!

SWEAR?—I should say so! I more than sent those horses to the bottomless pit! There was no religion about me at that moment. That was the end of my garden, and I had learnt to swear terribly before that: swear if the cow did not go straight; swear, till a Methodist minister calling at my brother's overheard me, and wouldn't stay in the house no longer, but jumped in his buggy and drove off; swear, till even my brother said, "Bob, you must put a check on your tongue."

"YOU'RE not the one to talk, you trained me!" I retorted.

Those horses made me decide after this that

Ranching was Not in My Line of life. I was sick of it, and deter- mined I would give it up, go back to town, and work for wages.

(To be continued.)

A Harvest Festival Talk

With Farmer John.

H. F. CANYASSER raps at the door. John opens it.

Canyasser salutes.

John—"Won't you come in?"

Canyasser enters, talks about his home, etc., then launches out upon the great scheme. John asks a few ques- tions:

"Are you a member of the S. A.?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

Canyasser tells the length of time, and by permission relates a brief sketch of his life.

"Do you have this annually?"

"We do."

"What will you take?"

"Anything that will bring money upon our markets."

"Let us go out and take a walk around."

"Let us pray first."

"Feeling inspired, they both go out. The wagon is loaded going home."

A. A. KELLEY.

VIRGEN, MAN.—Recruits are being added to our ranks. On Monday ONE BROTHER made up his mind to serve God. Wednesday ANOTHER came. Sunday all day God's power was felt. In the forenoon meeting a sister who had wandered away from God came back. At night the devil tried hard to get the victory, but prayer and faith conquered, and THREE PRE- CIOUS SOULS were saved. Hal- le- lu- jah!—Capt. E. Hayes.



"THE FELLOW ONLY STARED."

A Spokane 'Go.'

"No, the police did not run them in! Nobody says 'boo' to 'em! But my! It is a sight that would make a horse laugh!"

"Well, what does it mean? See, isn't that Father Conger? I guess he's why, he's dressed up like a king—has a crown on, and blue robes to his toes, and a big stick with a round gold head! Don't he look gay?"

"Snakes alive! did you ever see the match of that? Just look at those two chaps in red gowns! They look like big, red socks tied around the middle with a string!"

"Oh, I'll tell you what those two mean. They are the King's servants. See, they are marching one on each side of him."

"But say, Tom, look at those other fellows! They have big, white gowns, from head to foot, just like the women!"

"Ha, ha! Look at that fellow on the other side! See his white frock, how the wind blows it out full like a big bag of wind on his back!" "Why, if you couldn't see their heads you couldn't tell which are men and who are women."

"So they have stopped at the Owl Saloon. Let's go and see what they are up to, anyway."

"Which is the Captain, Billy? Oh, yes, I see, that's her. Listen, she's saying something about a marriage supper."

"They ain't having a wedding, are they? I never saw them dressed like that for a wedding, and what has that King got to do with it? Sh, hush, listen!"

"Oh, I see now! It's go with them and so on. She says it's the 'marriage supper of the Lamb' they are representing."

"Say, she and the Lieutenant are farouelwing, too, don't you hear her say?"

"Ice cream and cake, too. All right, let's go and see the biz. I'm tired, and don't want to see them play." "Jane" at the Auditorium, and it will cost us four bits to go there, and it's free at the Army."

When Tom and Billy got inside, they saw the platform curtained off, however, so they could discern no undry signs of life behind it, and the nob of the king's staff sticking up over the top of it.

The Captain and all the crew are to be seen scattered all over the shop, but not a ghost of a white robe is in sight. They sing "The marriage supper of the Lamb," and Bro. Bradley, the Outpost Sergeant, plays like a ten horse-power engine.

Open fire the curtains—whe! "How lovely!" "Ain't it nice?" "Oh, my!" "Dear me!" etc., etc., was heard all around.

"Listen, Tom, the old king's a-singing." "What's he saying?" "Something to those two red servants, one on each side, about inviting the folks to the wedding supper."

"Oh, yes; see, there's the table all ready. Ain't them flowers nice? Look! look! here comes these two red chaps, and listen, they are singing about the supper being ready, and inviting us to go." "I wouldn't mind having a snack off that table, it looks tempting."

Sensation! Tom digs Billy in the ribs and looks around to see what every one is looking at. A fellow has stood up in the audience and sings that he has bought some land and couldn't go to the feast, and begged to be excused. Up pops another fellow, and says he's just bought some oxen, and must go and try them, and likewise begs to be excused.

"Bless me, Billy, this IS interesting! I'll bet you we couldn't have had as good a time at the theatre."

"That's what the matter, Tom. Say, old boy, the Army's got this thing down line."

"Right you are, Billy. Say, do you believe it, but there's over fifteen fellows in this city that come here all the boom time to preach and blast if they all didn't go into real estate biz." "Go 'way! You don't say so!" "Yes, that's what they say around the town."

"Ha, ha, ha! Did you hear what that young fellow over on our left sang?"

"Two Little Army Maidens."

The Latest and Most Popular Song of the Day.

Words by Earl Ogden Stevens

of Moderato

A girl was made to the train
To see the king and his
To see the king and his
To see the king and his

Two girls went forth in a train
To see the king and his
To see the king and his
To see the king and his

CHORUS

Two little girls in blue
To see the king and his
To see the king and his
To see the king and his

Two girls in blue from a meeting late
To see the king and his
To see the king and his
To see the king and his

Two of the number, I've said to my mother
To see the king and his
To see the king and his
To see the king and his

Two palefaced girls, in a district vile,
Sung nightly of Jesus' love;
Though warned of danger, they risked
Their lives
For the sake of the God above.
As time rolled on the larklike crowd
Into saint and satirist grew,
And the folks knew well how the
work was done,
And honored the girls in blue.

Two girls in blue from a meeting late
Went forth to a city slum,
With no inspiration of corps or crowd,
No banner or roll of drum.
All night they watched by a bedside
When
The pale, worn woman who died
That night
Thanked God for the girls in blue.

A scorner, cursed by the sins of years,
Lay dying, but feared the grave;
So he sent for the lassies at whom he
had sneered,
And asked if the Christ would save.
For facts looked different indeed, he
said,
With the judgment day in view:
So he claimed God's pardon and, dy-
ing, blessed
Those two little girls in blue.

"No."
"The kid said 'he's married a wife
and couldn't come.'"
"Ha, ha, ha! Mr. this is a pic-
nic, Tom, boy."

The servants go up and tell their
lord, the king, that they invited the

people, but they all made excuses. The
king waxed wrothy, and sends them
out again, and down the aisle the
two servants came, singing the in-
vitation, when up jumps three or four
and start off on a bolt for the plat-
form, singing, "Oh, yes, I'm going to
the wedding supper of the Lamb."

They go into a side show and get
out of the famous white rags on that
Tom and Billy saw at the open-air,
and come and sit down at the wed-
ding table.

The king was not satisfied with
that few, so sent his servants again
and they scoop in enough to fill the
table.

"Billy, look 'ere there, will you?
There's a young fellow—it looks like
Eddie Butler—he's waited right up
and sat down at the table, without
getting one of them white riggings
on as big as a tower. 'I'll bet you
he'll get fired, for it says in the Bib-
le about a fellow that tried that game
and they fired him out bodily into
outer darkness.'"

"Tell you what, Tommy, I'd rather
get properly into the white robe biz,
get saved out and out, like that Char-
lie Austin, the red-rigged fellow that's
waiting on the king."

"You are right, chummy."

Sure enough, the king comes down
to see how the wedding feast goes
when he spies the poor fellow wait-
ing out any white garment, and sizes him
up, and sings him a little song that
he don't like. He commands the two
red-livered servants to bind him hand
and foot and cast him into outer
darkness, and forthwith they proceed
to their business and tie him with a
rope, and picked him up bodily and
carried him out. The Captain sings a
solo and asks for a collection, where-
upon Tom digs in his pocket and his
mate a nickel. A sister sings another
song, the captain reads from the
Bible, part they have been illus-
trating, and hammers it hot and hard
at the poor sinners, but Tom and Dek
run their chances and would not go
forward that night.

"Billy, that was a fine show."
"You bet ye."

"Tell you what, mate, the Army's
the only place I like to go, they are
so grand and make a fellow feel
at home, and he likes to come again."

"Yes, see that 'er fellow along-
side of the Major's boy?"

"Yep."

"Well, before he went out on the
march, he came and patted me on the
head, and asked me if I was saved.
He shook my hand and said, 'God
bless you; you ought to get in it.'"

"Hellow, sister, there! Bring us
two more croissants."

"Good night, Tom." "Good night,
Billy. Be sure and come to-morrow
night. The Captain and Lieutenant
are to be farwelled, and I hope
they'll get you saved." Hope we will.

P. E. S.

Battle Bits.

(Continued from last week.)

A full and descriptive account of
MAJOR HOWELL'S visit to North
Bay, by Vertice, and time and
circumstances. Twenty dollars raised by
the corps for the Talent Scheme.

SALVATION CYCLONE AT LONDON
lasting three days, led by Brigadier
and Mrs. Margatet. Grand banquet
Ingersoll Ambred band. Many banquet
appeals. Officers' council. TWENTY-
EIGHT SOULS. Street blocked in
open-air.

A highly delighted report by S. C.
Beall. He speaks of crowds in
cesses to come to the "Baptist" Band at
BRANTFORD, one dear, old, grey-
headed man in the fountain. Street
needed to listen to the beautiful music.

THE EDITOR OF THE WAR CRY
at PARIS. An amiable of joy that
bubbled from the soldiers' hearts.
Brigadier Margatet was also there.
Crowds came when the desperados
pitched their tent. Where there's
there's Liberty. Musical meeting a
great feat.

MORDEN.—Two souls. Major Ben-
nett visits us. God bless and prosper
Mm.—P. A. M.

RICHMOND STREET.—Adjutant
Turner with us for Sunday. Fare
enrolled and two for pardon. Slowly,
slowly, we climb up as we fight to
win.—F. M. K.

KINGSTON.—Prayer and fasting
meeting between afternoon and even-
ing service, and "alliance about the
space of half an hour." Wonderful
force the Lord. Beautiful night rath-
er for the Lord. Emagin. Macteen spoke
very earnestly, and three came for-
ward weeping.—Lieut. Pridmore.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

Specially Contributed to the
War Cry by Major J. Read,
Financial Secretary.

That pall standing 'neath the dripping water-tap is big in size. It has the capacity of containing many gallons of liquid. Steadily drop after drop falls into the vessel. Steadily the water rises, so slowly, but so surely. System and continuity is the secret of the filling of the pall. True, the drops are small, but the droppings tell up, and in time the water flows over the sides and the pall is FULL!

The world and all that is therein belongs to God. Therefore every stick of property, every square foot of land, every part and parcel of every Salvationist's possessions are God's by right. He hath made them and He can take them. Strange, then, that among God's own people there should be such apathy and backwardness in giving up to Him a part of His very own. However, there is the fact, and seeing the difference it must bring upon God's cause, some drastic remedy should be prescribed, or at least recommended to heal the wound and cause a cure.

Systematic Free-Will Giving

As we think, the remedy. Dealing with other war people, Salvationists, here we are on the earth, in existence, a mighty army of redeemed people, mainly made up of former slaves to sin, drink, blasphemy, lust, and kindred sins. Thousands upon thousands of hard-earned dollars have been, by our own people, passed over the saloon bar. Whole fortunes of precious gold have been blown into the air in the form of

Tobacco Smoke.

The majority of our sisters once pandered very much to the fad of Fashion. Hundreds of dollars they spent in titivating and decorating their mortal clay. The brothers, when drunkards, spent their money systematically. The sisters systematically visited the dry goods store. Then, in the name of all that is good, why not in this, the days of our prosperity, do a little in the

Systematic Giving Line?

We have heard a great deal about **THE GIVING LINE**. Doubtless all those who carry this Biblical plan receive untold benefit thereon. Let us presume there are 10,000 B. A. soldiers scattered throughout the Dominion, half of this number representing the ruling of the **WAGE EARNERS**. Each family head surely averages six dollars per week. Let him give God's work

The 10 per Cent.

and the chariot rolls along all the faster to the tune of \$3,000 per week. Now presume there are 1000 corps in the Dominion, by this plan each corps would raise \$12 weekly, and oh, how the Captain would smile! Reader, look at it, read it, digest it, think it out, and act upon this. And, though old-time rules the secret of the success of the whole affair lies in the fact that the ten per cent. is systematically given, and even if the skies fall let the Lord's exchequer get the ten cents on every dollar you earn. Could we print a page of the "Cry," filling it with averages of just what our soldiers DO give in their cartridges, it would really cause surprise on all hands. With all the talk about the ruling of the giving line, how admirably it could be inverted if the soldiers and recruits took the mark on this line. We wonder what average each most of our soldiers would spend in their sinful and prodigal days! Is it worth meditation. Let our comrades figure it out in their own personal experience, O for a direct "forward movement" on the money-giving line!

Live as the branch lives, for no other purpose than to receive and give expression to the life of the Vine.



HOLINESS.

Tune—"I am coming, Lord," B.J., No. 55, 3.

Lord, send the Holy Ghost,
Baptize us one and all;
Give us the Pentecostal power,
Oh, heed Thy soldiers' call.

Chorus.

Holy Ghost, descend,
Fall upon us now;
Fill and flood each waiting soul,
As at the Cross we bow.

Without the Holy Ghost
Our labors will be vain;
But with His mighty, moving power
We'll bring the Kingdom gain.

We care not how it comes,
So long as we receive;
We'll have met with one accord,
The promise we believe.

CADET BILLY WARE.

Tunes—"When the pearly gates unfold," B.J., 142, or "What a Friend we have in Jesus," B.J. 28.

I have given up all for Jesus,
Nothing more so dear to me
As to work for my dear Master,
Leading souls to Calvary.
Though the road is rough and rugged,
Strewn with many a stone and thorn;

'Tis my Saviour trod in,
I will walk with Him alone.

Chorus.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And the evening bells will toll;
But my heart will know no sadness,
When the pearly gates unfold.

Not promotion, Lord, I seek for,
But to humbly follow Thee;
Though the path bring pain and sorrow,

'Tis the way marked out for me.
At the end I know you're waiting;
I shall hear if I am true:
"Come, my child, a place awaits you,
I am here to bring you through."

'Tis a pure delight to serve Thee,
Leading souls to Heaven and God,
Bringing them from Nature's darkness
And the power of Satan's rod.
Let me shine each day more brightly,
Walk the path that you have trod;
Keep me ever true and faithful,
Loving only for my God.

S. S.

JOY.

Tunes—"Now I am so happy";
"We're marching on to war," or
"Calvary's stream is flowing," B. J., 51.

We are hallelujah soldiers,
Our mus are all forgiven,
We've all been to the cleansing stream
Our涕's clear for Heaven;
The devil often tempts us,
And tries to get us back,
But, glory, hallelujah!
We're on the heavenly track.

Chorus.

We are marching on to war.

Some people say we're crazy
Because we sing and shout;
They do not like our movements,
Our Sunday's marching out;
But we are in the Army,
A blood-and-fire band,
We try our very best to drive
The devil from our land.

MINNIE GOULD, Catalina.

Tune—"Sweet Maria.

I am happy, glad, and free,
Praise the Lord,
Jesus gives me liberty,
Praise the Lord.
Oh, how wayward I have been,
And how far I went in sin,
But the Saviour took me in,
Praise the Lord.
Now I live to do His will,
Praise the Lord,
And His love my heart does fill,
Praise the Lord.
Blessed sunlight this my soul, I am
Every whit more whole,
Pressing on toward the goal, praise
the Lord.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Jesus saves me every day, praise the
Lord;
I am listening to His voice,
I have made His will my choice,
In His love I can rejoice,
Praise the Lord.

I shall never know defeat,
Praise the Lord,
Living at my Saviour's feet,
Praise the Lord!
Perfect love casts out all fear,
I have joy, and peace, down here,
While my cross I gladly bear,
Praise the Lord.
On my Saviour's arm I lean,
Praise the Lord.
And His blood now keeps me clean,
Praise the Lord;
Sinners, far from God and right, Jesus
appeals to us to-night,
And He waits to put you right, praise
the Lord.

J. H. ESBARY, Newfoundland.

INVITATION.

Tune—"Boundless love beyond degree," B.J., 39.

Sinner, Jesus calls for thee,
Calling for the wanderer home;
He will set your poor soul free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Chorus.

Boundless love beyond degree.

See Him stand, and knock, and plead,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Will you not His voice now heed,
Calling for the wanderer home?

Time is quickly passing by,
Calling for the wanderer home;
While there's time, for mercy cry,
Calling for the wanderer home.

SERGT. MAY LANG, Peterboro.

Tunes—"Glory, glory, Jesus saves us," B.J. 151, "Room for Jesus," B.J., 16, "For I'm going, yes, I'm going," B.J., 19.

Listen, sinner, to the story
Of the Saviour's love for thee;
How He left His Father's glory,
That from hell you might be free.

Chorus.

Whoever, whoever,
Whoever will may come;
Oh, that blessed "whoever,"
That means you, and everyone.

Thou'rt ye've sinned, our Christ can
save you,
If to His dear cross you come;
He will cleanse and make you holy,
In His fold for all there's room.

Come away, let nothing hinder,
Cast away all fear and doubt;
"Whoever comes," says Jesus,
"I'll in no wise cast him out."

ADA WOODMAN, Nanaimo, B.C.

MAIL BAG!

A Naval Missionary.

"I take my back numbers of the War Cry and All the World to see with me, and circulate them not only among our own crew, but also in China and Japan among British soldiers and men-of-war's men whom I happen to meet. JOHN MASON, "R.M.S. Empress of India, Victoria, B.C."

—o—o—

From Victoria, B.C., regular correspondent—

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald are leaving us for England. Other changes are expected.

—o—o—

AUXILIARY JOHN LOUSON: "I was visiting another dear fellow, and Canada Philip Drolet. He is evidently dying of consumption. He works, when able, in the G. T. R. works, and acts as treasurer, I think, for the corps at Point St. Charles. He is a beautiful character, fully ripe for glory, healthy, though child-like trust in the Lamb of God."

—o—o—

CAPT. WM. CUMMINGS, of Hamilton, has undertaken to exchange Cry with Captain Cook, of Australia.

—o—o—

P.S. SHARP will write an appeal for candidates, which will appear in October, when the young men return from Labrador.

Ottawa District.

Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman left Ottawa for a trip round the district. At PEMBROKE they found Captain Davis in good opera. Being without a barracks, the official was on the program. Instead, Soldiers at the point, people listened, three dollars collection.

Next day a sad accident happened. Three men working on a boom were struck by lightning, one killed instantly. Reader, are you ready for a sudden call?

The next thing was a Hinduo meeting. Much kindness. Barracks soon. BARRACKS. Corps not large, but noble fight. Has meetings in the open-air. Once opposed have become good friends.

ARNPRIOR. Town of about four thousand. Nearly one thousand men were at the meeting. The meeting a building last. One forward and three wanted to be prayed for. The local officer says the Army's printing shall cost them nothing there if they come.

COATCOOK. Victories won. Ice-cream social, the proceeds of which left the corps free of debt. D. O's Capt. Capt. and Mrs. McFarlane, Capt. Moodie, Lieut. England, and Cadet Wilson. Crys all sold every week—Capt. Crossman.

BRIGHTON—Capt. Gibson, after fighting against great odds, has gone on a much-needed rest. Two stars at farewell meetings, and two since—Lieut. Williams.

NEWCASTLE—Captain Ryers farewell for the West, and Capt. Larder for Campbellton. One brother on Sunday for salvation, gave a good testimony, although being a backslider it was some time before the witness was given. Counter attractions are in town just now—Carrie Reever, A.L.B.

TRURO—Some souls are being saved, open-air meetings good, collections fair, and War Cry and Young Soldiers sold out. We have a new attraction here in our open-air, in the shape of an awning four yards square, and eight feet high, just big enough to hold our soldiers and coverers. A few minutes before our open-air starts two or three soldiers carry this to the front and put it up, when the officers and rest of the soldiers march in and take possession. It is proving quite a success. The first night we put it up we had one of the largest crowds ever seen at an open-air in Truro. We also had a good collection, Young Soldiers sold out, and CRY SUSTAIN out for salvation—R. H. Finney, for Capt. E. H. Allen.

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

WILL YOU BE ONE OF HIS LOVED ONES THIS H. F.?



THE COMMANDANT

WILL VISIT

HAMILTON, August 18 and 19 (Great Camp Meeting).
COORBITT'S POINT, August 24, 25 (Great Camp Meeting).
TORONTO, Saturday, September 14, to Thursday, September 19 (Great Anniversary Meetings).

COLONEL HOLLAND

and Territorial Headquarters' Staff
 leave
OSAWA, Saturday and Sunday, August 10, 11.

Major J. Reed

will conduct Special Meetings in the interests of the "Light Brigade" and "Lancers" at the following Toronto camps: Yorkville, August 8, 11, 12; Lippincott, August 14.
 Look out for the stirring and novel street marches which will precede these inside meetings.

The Yacht "William Booth."

With her Naval Brigade, under the command of Adm. Macmillan, will visit Toronto Aug. 8, 10, 11; Fort Hope, August 12; Cobourg, August 13, 14; Brighton, August 15; Truxton, August 16; Belleville, August 17, 18; Deseronto, August 19; Niagara, August 20; Pictou, August 21; Bath, August 22.

Light Brigade Provincial Agents

Captain and Mrs. Foun—North Sydney, G. B., August 8, 9; New Glasgow, August 9, 10, 11, 12; Bellarion, August 18; Westville, August 14, 15; Pictou, August 16, 17.

Captain Bailey—Emerson, August 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; Morden, August 10, 11, 12.

Captain Ross—Newmarket, August 10, 11; Aurora, August 12, 13.

Captain Borell—Strathroy, August 8, 4; Forest, August 6; Parkhill, August 8.

Adjutant Moore—Brookville, August 8, 9, 10, 11; Prescott, August 12; Morrisburg, August 13; Cornwall, August 14, 15; Huntington, August 16; Point St. Charles, August 17, 18; Montreal, August 19, 20; Montreal, August 21, 22; St. John's, August 23; Bedford, August 24, 25.

Engagements of Desperados, W. G. P.

Welford, August 6 to 12.

Ladies' Brass Band, W. G. P.

P. Lambton, August 8, 9.



All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the outer of the envelope.
 Every Officer should acknowledge applications.

1904. Gossney, George, born in Jersey; age about 41; height 5 ft. 7 inches; black hair; dark complexion; blacksmith by trade. Left Jersey in 1871; was in Newfoundland in 1873, and has not been heard of since. Mother enquirer.

1904. Driver, Annie and Fanny, About 40 and 45 years of age. Their sister Elizabeth, who was left behind about 4 years ago, in charge of a Mrs. Horner, of Kingston, near Liverpool, would be glad to hear from them. Supposed to have gone to America.

1904. Netherland, Hugh, Brought up in Scotch Hill, Pictou, N.S. Left his home forty years ago. Last heard about in Mexico. Mrs. Ewell, Virginia, N.B., is the enquirer. Australian Officer.

1904. Faddister, Carl, Age 7 years; slightly blind; dark complexion. Left Halifax in June for Truro en route for Boston, and has not been heard of since. Anyone knowing his whereabouts kindly write Major Booth, 10 La. Marchand Road, St. John's, Nfld. American Officer please copy.

H.F.-H.F.

DATES:

Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,

Aug. 31st, Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

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Life and Death.—Being reports of addresses delivered in London. Contents: "The New Birth"; "Mercy and Judgment"; "The Future Between Two Options"; "True and a False Faith"; "Heaven and Hell"; "The Providential Sign," etc. Mainly for the unconverted. Paper 40c., cloth boards 60c.

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The above will be forwarded, postage, to any place in Canada or the United States.

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James Hahler, Winnipeg	115
James Hahler, Winnipeg	116
John Hahler, St. John III.	117
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John III.	118
John Hahler, St. John III.	119
John Hahler, St. John III.	120
John Hahler, St. John III.	121
John Hahler, St. John III.	122
John Hahler, St. John III.	123
John Hahler, St. John III.	124
John Hahler, St. John III.	125
John Hahler, St. John III.	126
John Hahler, St. John III.	127
John Hahler, St. John III.	128
John Hahler, St. John III.	129
John Hahler, St. John III.	130
John Hahler, St. John III.	131
John Hahler, St. John III.	132
John Hahler, St. John III.	133
John Hahler, St. John III.	134
John Hahler, St. John III.	135
John Hahler, St. John III.	136
John Hahler, St. John III.	137
John Hahler, St. John III.	138
John Hahler, St. John III.	139
John Hahler, St. John III.	140
John Hahler, St. John III.	141
John Hahler, St. John III.	142
John Hahler, St. John III.	143
John Hahler, St. John III.	144
John Hahler, St. John III.	145
John Hahler, St. John III.	146
John Hahler, St. John III.	147
John Hahler, St. John III.	148
John Hahler, St. John III.	149
John Hahler, St. John III.	150
John Hahler, St. John III.	151
John Hahler, St. John III.	152
John Hahler, St. John III.	153
John Hahler, St. John III.	154
John Hahler, St. John III.	155
John Hahler, St. John III.	156
John Hahler, St. John III.	157
John Hahler, St. John III.	158
John Hahler, St. John III.	159
John Hahler, St. John III.	160
John Hahler, St. John III.	161
John Hahler, St. John III.	162
John Hahler, St. John III.	163
John Hahler, St. John III.	164
John Hahler, St. John III.	165
John Hahler, St. John III.	166
John Hahler, St. John III.	167
John Hahler, St. John III.	168
John Hahler, St. John III.	169
John Hahler, St. John III.	170
John Hahler, St. John III.	171
John Hahler, St. John III.	172
John Hahler, St. John III.	173
John Hahler, St. John III.	174
John Hahler, St. John III.	175
John Hahler, St. John III.	176
John Hahler, St. John III.	177
John Hahler, St. John III.	178
John Hahler, St. John III.	179
John Hahler, St. John III.	180
John Hahler, St. John III.	181
John Hahler, St. John III.	182
John Hahler, St. John III.	183
John Hahler, St. John III.	184
John Hahler, St. John III.	185
John Hahler, St. John III.	186
John Hahler, St. John III.	187
John Hahler, St. John III.	188
John Hahler, St. John III.	189
John Hahler, St. John III.	190
John Hahler, St. John III.	191
John Hahler, St. John III.	192
John Hahler, St. John III.	193
John Hahler, St. John III.	194
John Hahler, St. John III.	195
John Hahler, St. John III.	196
John Hahler, St. John III.	197
John Hahler, St. John III.	198
John Hahler, St. John III.	199
John Hahler, St. John III.	200

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